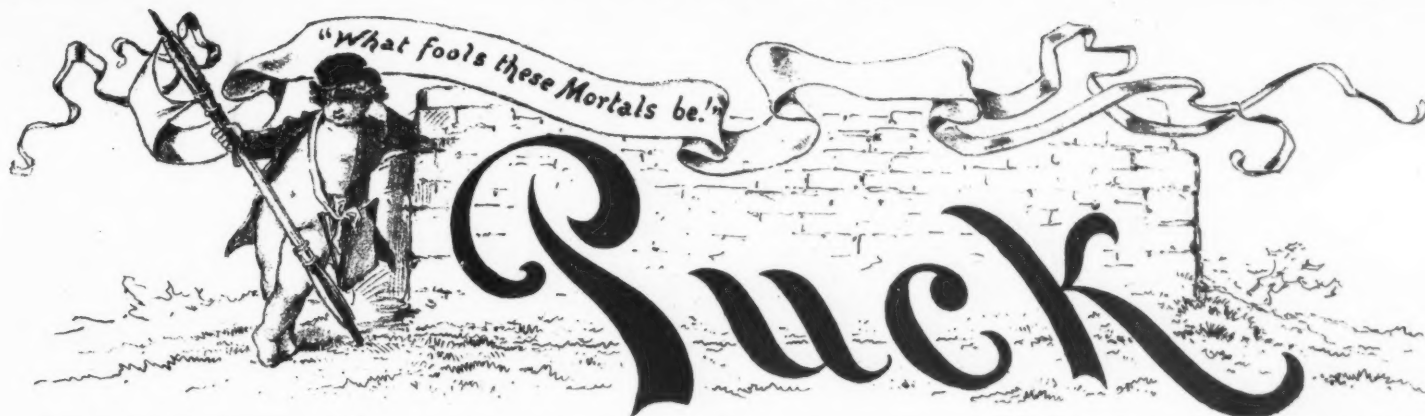


Mr. Utley

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2.



C.J. Taylor

#### A SERMON HE WILL NOT FORGET.

The conception of the National Government as a huge machine, existing mainly for the purpose of rewarding partisan service—this was a conception so alien to the character and conduct of WASHINGTON and his associates that it seems grotesque even to speak of it. It would be interesting to imagine the first President of the United States confronted with some one who had ventured to approach him upon the basis of what is now commonly called "practical politics." — BISHOP POTTER'S CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.



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Editor, . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 15th, 1889. — No. 636.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS NOT likely that President Harrison will soon forget the sermon which he heard in St. Paul's Church on the morning of Tuesday, April 30th, 1889. But even if he can dismiss it from his memory, men who love their country will not soon forget that sermon nor the reception which it met—a strangely significant reception. Here was a discourse constructed on broad lines, a strong, yet dignified and temperate, condemnation of certain undeniably bad tendencies in our national civilization, specific only in its stern denunciation of one single public abuse—such a discourse, as, in fact, it behooved any honest teacher of religion to make on an occasion of great import and suggestiveness—and by general consent this discourse is popularly accepted as a rebuke addressed directly to the Chief Magistrate of the land, in whose presence it was delivered.

The members of the President's own party were the first to take, in this sense, the sermon which he heard on the thirtieth of April. Their party organs lost no time in expressing their opinion that it was a sermon in very bad taste. But if it was a sermon in bad taste, why was it a sermon in bad taste? Is it in bad taste to say from the pulpit that a republican government should be administered for the best good of the whole people, and not to distribute lucrative offices among a horde of politicians? Yet this was all that Bishop Potter said. Then why was it in bad taste? Had the distinguished person to whom alone, it is assumed, Bishop Potter preached his sermon—had he been guilty of maladministering the government in the manner described? The answer must be Yes or No. If the answer be No, why should he wince?—how could that sermon touch him? If the answer be Yes, did he not deserve the rebuke implied in the condemnation of his acts? Was it not Bishop Potter's plain duty—a matter of duty, religious duty, that opened no question



### UNSEAMANLIKE.

PASSENGER ON CUNARDER. — Got a pencil and paper, Captain?

CAPTAIN. — Certainly; here you are.

PASSENGER. — Thanks. There's a gentleman down there who asked me to drop him a line, and I'd like to oblige him by telling him we're all well.

of taste—to point out his sins to an unfaithful servant of the people? For what is Bishop Potter a minister of God, if he shall not call high and low to an account of their transgressions?

It is not necessary to look far, however, to find the reason for the popular belief that the lesson of the sermon was a lesson for President Harrison to learn. Bishop Potter is a Republican of the Republicans. His high position, as a man and as a clergyman, lifts him far above any suspicion of notoriety-seeking. There are clergyman who, for ends more or less good, are fond of making "sensations." Bishop Potter is not one of these. Every one who knows him or who knows of him knows that whatever he said on the thirtieth of April was said from profound conviction and from a high sense of duty. All who have even the most superficial knowledge of his opinions, his predispositions, his surroundings and his associations, must know that it cost him something to utter the unpleasant truth that was in itself a condemnation of his own party's course. When he spoke as he did, he spoke because he knew his speech was called for—and others knew it, too.

There can be no doubt that thousands of Republicans as Republican as Bishop Potter were thoroughly at one with him in the matter of his sermon. Thousands who had voted to elect the President whom he addressed felt that the President deserved the rebuke implied or expressed in the Bishop's address; because they felt that the President had disgraced the government by making it a mere office-agency. They were surprised and disappointed in their discovery of his character; and their surprise and disappointment deepened when, on his return to Washington after listening to that same sermon, he appointed his brother and his brother-in-law to convenient offices, by way of showing one of the most offensive possibilities of that very "spoils system" which he had heard denounced from the pulpit of St. Paul's.

But why should Republicans such as Bishop Potter and those who sympathize with him expect any thing of President Harrison but what he gives them? He is the man whom they voted for last Fall; and before they voted for him, they had had five months in which to find out who and what manner of man he was, and why he was put up to be voted for. At the beginning of those five months not one in one thousand of them knew his baptismal name: if at the end of the five months they were all ready to vote for him as a statesman, a patriot, a reformer, and a great man generally, is it not eminently probable that they drew some hasty conclusions on their own responsibility? And if they accepted for their candidate a man chosen by disreputable spoilsmen simply for his "unobjectionableness" and his willingness to act as their servant in the distribution of spoils and the management of the "machine," why should they complain if, after making a five-months hero of him, he turns out to be just the unobjectionable and unobjectioning thing the spoilsmen wanted? Business is business. Did the good, honest Republicans think that Quay and Wanamaker and Blaine and Dudley meant any thing but business? The good honest Republicans were filled with patriotic ardor. The men who nominated their candidate for them, were attending to business. The good, honest Republicans shouted; their candidate was elected; the men who nominated him proceed to business, the candidate doing what is expected of him—that is all there is about it.

It would have been easy enough for these good Republicans to find out, a year ago, who Mr. Harrison was. They would have found that he was a good, honest, well-meaning man in a small way; a worthy citizen of Indianapolis, a good and useful Sunday-school teacher—a thoroughly unobjectionable man, in a word—with no more fitness for the Presidency, with no more sense of the high duty and dignity of that office than—any other unobjectionable nobody. The good Republicans did not care to find this out in 1888, and to that fact, combined with certain dishonest acts on the part of his partisans, Mr. Harrison owes his election to the Presidential chair.

He has now sat for two months and a half in that chair. He has not yet tried his hand at statesmanship. He has, so far, devoted his time almost exclusively to dismissing Democratic employees of the government and to replacing them with Republicans, according to the directions of his party leaders. Beyond what revelation of character this may be, all that the people know of him has been gathered from casual glimpses. We have seen him reduced to awkward surliness by the visit of a baseball club—an ordeal through which his predecessor passed untroubled by grace of natural dignity and a natural American sense of humor. We have seen him paralyzed, physically and mentally, at the salutation of a comic Bacchus in a holiday procession, stricken with fear lest the Prohibition Vote should catch him recognizing the symbolic terror. And we have seen him, when the stroke of twelve reminded him that his dinner-hour had arrived, getting his tea and his sandwiches, and munching

(Concluded on page 202.)

# Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XXXI.

## DUBUQUE, IOWA.



**I**N 1830, OR THEREABOUTS, a Frenchman named Julien Du Buque discovered the town that now bears his name, and after giving directions that his name should be unhinged and nailed together, to make it look like an English word, he died, and was buried somewhere else.

Dubuque lies on the banks of the Mississippi, and the inhabitants lie on the banks and wonder how they can fix the census man to keep up with Des Moines. It is called the Key City, and a standing reward to discover the reason still remains unclaimed.

It is a handsome city, and much resembles Dublin and Berlin in its city government. The mayor is either a Murphy or a Dinkelspiel, and the city council is equally divided between Ireland and Germany. Americans are allowed to pay taxes and vote the Prohibition ticket, while the ruling element holds office and runs the Saloons.

Being in a prohibition state, Dubuque has only 238 saloons, which are open every day and Sunday. They have been going to be closed up "next year" since 1880.

The principal industries are lead-mining, loafing on the levee, joining secret societies, running for office and lead-mining. Lead was discovered years ago and, although the mines have petered out, mining still goes on. A large number of men "prospect" six months every year and talk about

it the remaining six months. This gives their wives a good excuse to take in washing.

Dubuque has a handsome Opera House and is a very lively show town. M'lle Cora Belle's European Novelty Company comes four times a year, one minstrel troupe every month

there were two performances of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When there is nothing else on the boards, the amateurs play "The Colleen Bawn."

Dubuque is noted for pretty girls; that is, they are noted when they come there — from Galena. The young men are very promising, according to the tailors, and many have been known to make their mark on the municipal rock-pile.



The streets are kept in good repair for the convenience of farmers who wish to let their teams run away. This is a daily spectacle on Main street, and is believed to attract trade.

Nothing historical has ever happened in Dubuque, except the arrival of Senator Allison from Ohio.

The only remaining objects of interest are the hotels, of which a full description will be found in that entertaining work, "Ruins of the Mississippi Valley."

Rambo.



## WORSE OFF.



"Would de gemman in front oblige by removin' de hat?"



"Would de same gemman oblige by puttin' de hat on ag'in?"

PUCK.



A PROSE POEM.

AS THE SOUND of his retreating footsteps died away, I threw myself down upon the spot of pale green grass under the forsythia bush, which spread its yellow sprays above me like some gorgeous oriental fan. As I glanced up at it, it seemed to me that those graceful and delicate branches, reaching high above the sparse grass of Spring, had caught the first light of the coming Summer, whose radiance was still hid below our horizon.

And yet I was in no haste for Summer. I could welcome her when she came, indeed; but the timorous breath of her younger sister was on my cheek, and my whole heart went out to the tender Spring.

It was past the first freshness of the morning, for as I lay down I heard the clock in the white spire of the village church strike eight, and I had listened intently till the last faint vibration died away, and the robin's chirp alone struck the country silence with life. Yet something of the vague and delicious hours of dawn remained in the dewy warmth of the air, and even in the dream-like tint of gray that still softened the blue of the distant hills—not a mist, perhaps, but something like the gentle, clinging ghost of a mist, softly hovering about those rugged hills as a memory of youthful love might enshrine a strong man's soul in its shadowy sweetness, half-felt, half-unrecognized.

But as I watched, the sun came up, the light of active life; the hot flame that fires men's blood with the ardor of conflict and enterprise, and the ghost of the mist melted away, even as vague memories may vanish from the heart of man. I laid my head upon the ground and slept.

It was high noon when I awoke. The sun had crawled around the forsythia bush, and fell warm upon my face. I drew back into the golden shade, and taking my simple repast from my pocket, I ate while I gazed out upon the hot earth, whose bosom seemed to pant under the midday glow. I could almost have thought that the grass had grown while I slept, so dull seemed its verdure in that hour when only the cricket sang and the little grasshopper flashed his bright green as he leaped high in the hot, shimmering air.

A man passed by, walking along the road; a man bent with age and labor. His clothes were faded; his eye was dim; his burnt face was seamed with a thousand wrinkles. "Such it is to move," thought I:

"he toils, he struggles, he moves on unrelenting; and at the end of it he is faded and wrinkled and burnt with the unrelenting sun. For me this yellow shadow of the forsythia; for me to rise from sleep, to eat my bread and meat, to look out upon the world with the sun on it, and then to sleep again. Under this forsythia bush is Happiness."

And I lay down and slept once more, and in my sleep dreams came to me; sweet sounds and sweet scents were all about me, and in my ears the voices of women laughing as women laugh in dreams, and the eyes of young girls looked into my eyes that were sealed in slumber.

And so I slept until the hushed time of growing shadows came upon the earth, and awaking from my dream I heard the roar and shriek of a far-off train, the first one that came from the great city in the afternoon.

And then I arose, and took my spade, and dug hard and fast. For I knew that in an hour the gentleman who had hired me to dig those garden beds would come home from town, and I had but that hour in which to make them look as though I had spent a whole day on them.

HE COVETED NO OFFICE.

"Mr. President," said a caller, "I do not want an office."

"I am very glad to see you," replied Benjamin, with a grateful pressure in his hand-shake; "you are a curiosity."

"No, Mr. President, not a curiosity. I am a Democrat."

AT THE RECEPTION.

MR. BIGGED.—I declare, the people in this house are very tiresome. They have been boring me to death with questions no one could answer.

MISS MINNIE BALL.—Perhaps you would n't be so troubled in that respect if you did n't pretend you knew everything.



WHERE THEY WILL GO.

President and Mrs. Harrison will spend several years this Summer at the different resorts. From circulars and other announcements we learn that the President's vacation will be spent at Atlantic City, The White Mountains, Saratoga, Old Point Comfort, The Adirondacks, Ocean Grove, Chautauqua, Clifton Springs, Deer Park, Rangeley Lakes, Maine, Coney Island, Long Branch, Lakewood, Asbury Park, Beverly, Mass., Lenox, Savin Rock, Manitou Springs, Col. Several resorts are yet to hear from.

INTERVIEWING IN 1890.

IRATE INDIVIDUAL.—You published an alleged interview with me this morning, sir, which is a tissue of lies from beginning to end.

EDITOR.—Ah! I'll call the reporter who took it, and see what he says. (*Rings bell, and Reporter appears.* To REPORTER.)

This gentleman complains of the inaccuracy of the interview with him. You did the work, did you not?

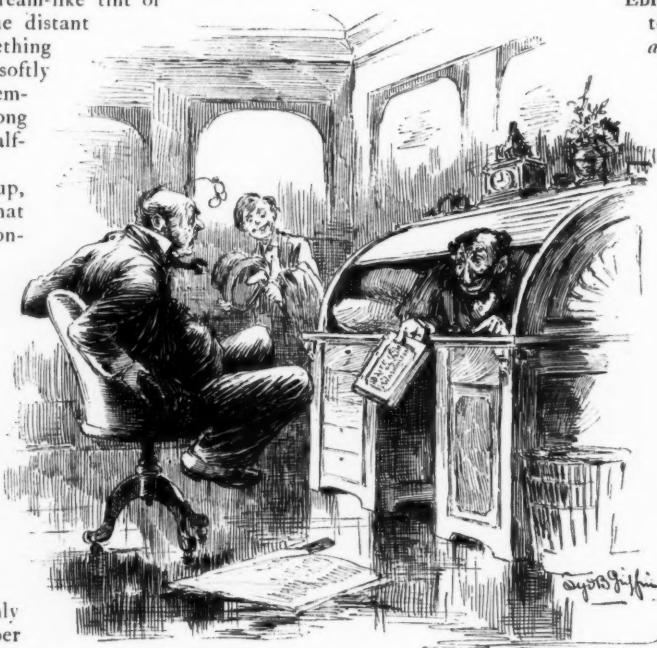
REPORTER.—Yes, sir.

EDITOR.—Did you have with you, according to general instructions, the pocket phonographophone, which records unerringly every word spoken by both parties?

REPORTER.—Yes, sir.

EDITOR.—You may bring it in, and we will compare it with the paper.

IRATE INDIVIDUAL (*hastily*).—I have to make a train now—will call again. (*Leaves.*)



THE CANVASSER AHEAD.

MR. OVERPLUS (*the bank president, opening his roll top in the morning*).—What's this?

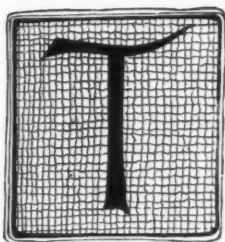
IPSTEIN.—De desg vas not looged, so I got me in yoost after you lefl last night, mein frient, unt I vaited. I hef der life ohf Vashington in two volumes, ver' sheap.

BLAINE HELPED put Cleveland in the soup. He will now keep Harrison in hot water.

PRIDE MAY be a sin, but it never brings one the humiliation of having a favor refused.

WE DO NOT bother our heads much about genealogy on this side of the water, Mr. Forundred. Common folk are contented to take Adam for their ancestor; of course, if the blue-blooded wish to go back farther, the pages of Darwin are always open to them.

# REVISITED.



I.  
THE HOUSE where I was born  
Once fronted on a "square;"  
But city plans and artisans  
Heaped chiseled marble there;  
And where the trees uplifted  
Their branches toward the skies,  
Gray slates are seen, and, clear and clean,  
A tower's white courses rise.

II.  
The house where I was born  
Is showing signs of age:  
A mottled cloak of city smoke  
It wears like any sage.  
But age brings here no quiet;  
The wood-birds come no more—  
They sing no songs to busy throngs,  
Tuned to a railway's roar.

III.  
The house where I was born—  
How sadly it is changed!  
I see no more the corridor  
Where once I freely ranged.  
Strange faces at the windows  
Look out above a store—  
And, lo!—a sign—nor I nor mine  
Had ever over door:

IV.  
It reads: CIGARS, TOBACCO  
AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES.  
How Retrospect, in motley decked,  
The strings of Memory pulls!  
I buy a "real Havana"—  
Remembering husks of corn—  
Now Time be thanked, I'll not be spanked  
I' th' house where I was born.

C. H. Lüders.

## ON THE PROMENADE DECK.

MRS. LE GRAND TOWER.—What would you do, Tom, if I should fall overboard?

MR. LE GRAND TOWER.—I should first note the time, then inform the captain, and he would order the vessel stopped. They would then lower a boat, and we would row back to where you sank, which we could easily do, knowing the time that had passed and the speed and direction of our course. If you were still floating, it would be all right; if not, we would watch for bubbles, and—

MRS. TOWER.—Oh, you horrid thing. I'm not going to do it, anyhow. (But she told her mother afterward that Tom was a man of splendid judgement, and would make his fortune without a doubt.)

SOME MEN have blossomed out in new Spring suits, while others still remain seedy.



## DEFINITIVE.

JUSTICE.—What's the charge?  
COMPLAINANT.—I ain't dead sure; but from th' feelin' I reckon he must 'r used buck-shot, y'r honor.



## ART AMENITIES.

SPLASHER (in his friend DOBBS's studio).—I congratulate you, old fellow. That is the finest canvas I have seen this year.  
DOBBS (with a ghastly smile).—I hope I can make a good sale of it.

SPLASHER.—Of course you can, if you can get a boom!

## TOLD IT TO THE RIGHT PERSON.

CITIZEN (to SOLDIER, near the Brooklyn Navy Yard).—Say, you're just off the ship, ain't you?

SOLDIER.—Aye, aye, sir.

CITIZEN.—You're a Marine?

SOLDIER.—Aye, aye, sir.

CITIZEN.—Well, I want to say to you that John Wanamaker was as innocent of all connection with that Wanamaker & Brown circular as I am.

## ALL AT C.

VON WAGNER (at a concert of amateurs).—I wonder when Mrs. Screecher will find her way back to the air?

DE BASS.—Never, unless they let down the bars. She is struggling with the wrong key, you observe.

VON WAGNER.—That's so. Let's make a bolt ourselves.

## "A WISE MAN CHANGES HIS MIND."

BROWN.—Oh, that's all bosh! A man can get just as good clothes as he wants at a ready-made store.

SMITH.—Why, Brown, I heard you say once that a man could n't respect himself unless he was dressed by a fashionable tailor. What brought about your change of opinion?

BROWN.—Marriage.

## CAR-FARE.

Have you ever watched the warfare  
Of two women over car-fare?  
Each a flame with generous feeling,  
Depth of heart and purse revealing;  
Each inspired with gentle horror  
Lest the other should pay for her.  
But take note—the more insistent  
Of the combatants persistent,  
She whose hand most promptly snatches  
At her pocket-book's stiff catches,  
She who murmurs: "Don't be strange, dear,  
It's all right, I've got the change dear!"  
She—though I am sad to say it—  
Always lets the other pay it!

Madeline S. Bridges.



## A DISPUTED CLAIM.



MR. RANDALL BLACKWELL. — I guess I'll freeze onto that can; it will come in handy on my summer vacation.



FIDO. — Hold on there, rags; ye kin have der can, but der tail is mine!



## UBURBAN SERVANTS.

THERE IS no living fact more generally known than that of the servant girl's antipathy to the rural districts. The finest country place is to her as a swamp, and she feels that if she leaves the city for the country she should have higher wages than are paid in the metropolis, and all the privileges she may be pleased to crave into the bargain.

She thinks that country people live in the country because they can not afford to live in the city; and that she, being as free and independent as a bird, should not waste her precious life among the bullfrogs and cowslips on account of another person's circumstances.

It is a very common thing for a city girl to go to the country during the Summer, or when she can not obtain employment in the giddy metropolis. But as soon as she gets a whiff of a green meadow, she begins to think of the big policeman and dream of Murray Hill. Her dissatisfaction becomes more apparent every day, until the first thing her employer knows, she announces her intention of leaving when her month is up.

She says the place is too lonesome, the girls too cliquish, and the church too far away. And in just a month her successor tells the same story, and departs about as suddenly.

It would, therefore, be a good idea to do something to make the servant girl think the country far ahead of the city as an abode of joy and happiness. Most people are indifferent to the comfort of their servants, and until they change their tactics they will experience the same trouble that makes their lives miserable now.

It would be a very simple matter to make them contented, and when you make them contented, you have got them.

Let every family have its barn built in such a way that the ground floor may be used as a ball-room and tennis court, and once a month let one man allow his servants to give a calico hop or tennis tournament, winding up with some simple and inexpensive refreshment.

Organize a servant girl's sewing society, and let them meet at a different house once a month, and mend their employers' shirts and socks, and discuss their various qualities.

Give them all a straw or sleigh ride every fortnight, that they may become acquainted, and have an opportunity to exchange ideas.

Either have all your washing and the servants' done at a laundry, or employ a woman to come to the house and do the washing and ironing weekly.

Allow them to keep the fire going all night in the range, that they may not have the trouble of building a fresh one every morning. And allow them to keep the fresh meat and butter on a kitchen shelf where it will spoil, instead of making them tire themselves out traveling up and down from the cellar refrigerator.

Buy them a ticket to every show that comes to town, and never find fault when they come in at two in the morning.

Whenever they are feeling a bit *blasé*, give them bouillon in cups, and take them for a drive.

If they complain of even a headache, allow them to remain in bed

a week for a rest cure; and before summoning a physician first inquire the school of medicine they favor.

Lock up all the groceries and wine, and give the servants the key.

Don't have company at the house more than once in three months, and never give a dinner party.

Always take care of the baby at night that the nurse may rest; and never forget to enter the kitchen to make the dessert and cake, and give the cook a lift with the vegetables.

Never fail to have them driven to and from church, and on all holidays send them to the theatre and do the work yourself.

Buy ready-made bread and pie, and as much canned soup and meat as possible. And bring all poultry and fish to the house ready for the fire.

If these rules do not make the servant girl contented with the country, it will be time to think of treating her to a weekly balloon ascension, or an occasional horse race. All you have got to do is to make her life a giddy round of innocent dissipation, and you own her.

Never ask her to black your shoes, but wear patent leather. Lend her your rubbers and umbrella on a wet day, and make her feel that if she were but to say the word, you would mortgage your effects to buy her a saddle horse, and an orchestration to flood her life with happiness and sunshine.

R. K. M.



## IN THE GENERAL PASSENGER OFFICE.

CHIEF (to CLERK). — What's the matter, there, Mulcahy?

MULCAHY. — It's another of them imported contract-laborers, sorr, an' I'm afther tellin' him to go to the Shuperintendent, an' he'll not hear to me. G'wan up to th' Shuperintendent, ye hairy Italian devil, an' don't be distoorbin' the passenger office wid your haythin complaints!

## FROM AN AMERICAN OF THE AMERICANS.

MAY PLACE, HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., PENN., }  
April 10th, 1889. }

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK — Sir:

I have just read in PUCK for April 3d the very striking article on John Bright — the bravest and truest words that have been written on this side the Atlantic in regard to that great man. I go along with it entirely, for ever since Gladstone surrendered to Parnell, I have felt that it was black ingratitude in my countrymen to refuse their support to Bright, and to express sympathy rather with Gladstone.

It was clear to me that Gladstone's error as a statesman was, in this matter, precisely what it was in regard to our war. Bright, on the contrary, was right as to the Irish question as he was right in defending the North. Gladstone did all he could to help the South, for he prophesied their success, and, as I have reason to know, was the one member of Lord Palmerston's government who was willing to assent to Louis Napoleon's proposal for a joint recognition of the South as a nation. Mr. Bright told me in March, 1865, that the American war had caused him more anxiety than any thing in the course of his whole political life. Mr. Gladstone, in the same month of 1865, required me to state why it was that we of the North could never allow a separate government to be established at the South.

You have stated, however, with admirable force and clearness, why it is that the American press is just now so shamefully submissive to the Irish agitators.

Your cartoon representing the bowing down of newspaper editors before this wretched tyranny is the most effective drawing of a political character I have ever seen. I feel grateful to you that you have put into words, and that you have represented by the pencil, the sentiment which no one else has uttered or portrayed. I am sure that the best opinion of the country is with you.

I may add that I am an American of the Americans, for my ancestor came over with William Penn; but I feel, with you, that the action of our public men is ungenerous toward England to the last degree.

\* \* \*

So far I wrote a fortnight ago, and then I hesitated as to whether I ought to intrude upon you. I confined myself to circulating copies of your issue of the 3d. Expressions of satisfaction came to me from all sides, leading me to think that what you had done so admirably in your journal, following on the disgraceful confirmation by the Senate of the Patrick Egan nomination, was arousing a spirit of revolt against Irish rule. To-day I find in the *Tribune*, Mr. Smalley's cable announcement of Goldwin Smith's letter to the *Times*, referring chiefly to your remarkable cartoon. I rejoice to see that the view I have taken of your action is also that of a man of such clear mind and of such high cultivation as Goldwin Smith — one of the foremost Liberal writers of our time.

I am myself more and more of opinion that Americans who have any real knowledge of the Irish question are not with Gladstone. I am sure the newspapers misrepresent the best feeling of the country. I never doubted the excellence of Gladstone's motive; but of late years I have felt that as a statesman he was an unsafe guide. With much respect,

Yours truly,

ELLIS VARNALL.

## THAT WICKED PARTNER.

"I would like to run this Department on business principles," said Mr. Spenlow Wanamaker; "but I have a partner, Mr. Jorkins Clarkson, whose opinions I am bound to respect. Mr. Jorkins, sir, is immovable!"

WHAT'S THE MATTER of the belated husband?  
He's all night.

## POSITION IS EVERYTHING in this world.

A vertical crease in your trousers is approved by the world of fashion; a horizontal one shows that you have been obliged to walk out in the rain.

THE CAR SMASHED seems to be about as fatal as the car stove.

WHY SHOULD the spirit of mortal be proud?  
No reason we can see, unless he owns an ice-pond.

IN VIEW of the thousand-and-one circumstances that turn up at the last minute, it might be a good plan to commence arrangements at once for celebrating the next Centennial.

DO NOT DERIDE a fisherman's red nose, Cedric. Even if his hat-brim is ten inches wide, you should think — "sun-burn."

— in about two years his premises are covered with iron monstrosities, his neighbors have ostracised him, and people of artistic tastes go several blocks out of their way, to avoid passing his house.



## A SMART GIRL.

EXPECTANT OLD GENTLEMAN. — My daughter said you wished to see me.  
MYSTIFIED YOUTH. — She did? Why, she told me you wished to see me.

## HARD TO GET, THOUGH.

"I would like to secure an office from this administration. Whose influence had I best secure?"  
"Baby McKee's."

## HOLDING A CLAIM.

CUSTOMER (in Kansas hardware store). — I'm going to take a claim and —

CLERK. — Ah, I see! Of course you will want a breaking-plow and other implements, fence wire, and so forth. A Kansas claim —

CUSTOMER. — But I am going to take one in Oklahoma, and

CLERK. — Step right this way and let me show you our repeating rifles. We also carry the finest line of revolvers and bowie knives in the city. They keep Gatling guns over across the street, where my brother works.



## THE "IRON-LAWN-ORNAMENT-HABIT."

The victim usually begins by buying a small iron dog for his lawn; after this the downward career of the doomed man is rapid, and —



## POPULARITY IS NO ORPHAN.

KIRBY STONE. — I see that the *Morning Growler's* suggestion about that arch has been adopted by —

BARKER CARPER. — The *Morning Growler's*? Why, my dear sir, if it has been adopted by anybody, there is not a single newspaper in town that was not the first to suggest it!

A MILWAUKEE GENIUS has established a school for professional beggars. The college presidents of the country will probably attend in a body.

BANJOS MAY BE bought at many different prices; but it is only a fifty-cent man who will strum on one by his window at night.

PRIESTESSES OF PASSION will soon be numerous enough to march as a division in a procession.



PUCK.



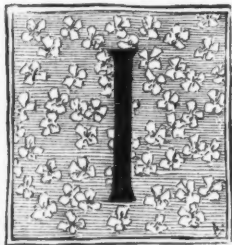
FINAL "FOUR HUNDRED."

(Continued from page 194)

good-naturedly away, while a great industrial procession marched by, saluting him—as he would not have munched if it had ever entered his head that his action was unkind, discourteous and undignified.

He remains what he was in 1888, a well-meaning, honest man, in his small way, with a little code of manners and morals of his own, excellent for his little circle in Indianapolis—sure to be strained out of shape in any greater place. Why should the Republicans who voted for him blame him if, being elected President, he does what Matthew Quay and James G. Blaine tell him he must do? They may look to him to disown Dudley—a shameless and unregenerate child of sin—but shall he not take Wanamaker to his bosom, a godly haberdasher who has raised \$400,000 for The Party? Why should he not give such a man offices to distribute at his will?

The Party! Do the men who support The Party, who vote to put it into power without asking what it means to do with the power it gets—do they think they have a right to complain when The Party gives them for their representative the man who sat in Washington's pew and listened to Bishop Potter's sermon?



## INFORMATION FOR THE U. S. A.

"Seventh Regiment.—Magnificent-marching, but will it fight?"—Report of military experts on Centennial Parade.—N. Y. Times.

Yes, it will. And we know considerably more about it than you do, O anonymous military critics! They will fight, and they will fight well, for one good and sufficient reason, if for no other—they are afraid to be cowards. They have pride and self-respect, things which count in a soldier's make-up, as well as mere meat.

As to effeminacy and weakness, if you will send a detail from any regiment of regulars up to the 7th Regiment athletic club, and if that detail can carry away so much as an adulterated lead medal in an all-round trial, we will acknowledge that the 7th men need beef-wine-and-iron.

"It should be stripped of its present uniform, clothed in United States regulation cloth, and given experience in actual service; until this is done it should not be selected for immediate and important work," continues the report of the modest commission of criticism. Should, eh? Why? To reduce it to the dull level of uniformity where the 9th and the 12th and the 71st are now? There would n't be much regiment left. That state uniform scheme has taken the heart out of more than one organization, and has done much to destroy the pride which men take in their own individual regiments. Uniformity in fatigue dress may be well enough; but a good dress-parade uniform brings men into a regiment and keeps them there. The regular army men must be made to understand that sauce for regulars is not always sauce for militiamen; that citizens do not enlist in the National Guard to get their living; that they are under no obligations to enlist, and that they will not enlist at all if the service is made wholly unattractive.

The next recommendation is a grandly original and highly entertaining offspring of the military brain. The regiment should be "given experience in actual service." Where? When? How? At what service? Whither does our anonymous military friend propose to transport these business-men of New York, and what job would he put them at? Shall they dig clams at Rockaway, or drive mules on the Erie Canal? Or are they to get the "actual service" of the regulars at Fort Hamilton, where the officers do nothing, and the privates dig gardens, black boots, and fish for sea-robins?

Perhaps this remarkable suggestion means only that the 7th could not be trusted to go to the front on short notice. If this is the case, it shows that the anonymous regular knows no more of the men than the patent fact that they wear a fancy uniform. The young business-men of a great city are not lacking in pluck or intelligence: in submission to discipline and physical staying power, they are, as a rule, ahead of their country brothers. Taken class for class, the city boy of five foot eight, weighing 150 pounds, can stand more, in the way of sickness, continued exertion and loss of sleep, than the heavier built young man from the villages and small towns. This is natural enough: he must have good stuff in him if he can stand the strain of city life and still keep himself strong and healthy.

The trouble with regular army men is that they have a cock-sure



## WHY HE LINGERED.

TOM GINN.—I'm sorry, Mr. Martel, but I can't sell you another drink. It's after one o'clock,—time to close up and go home. I guess your wife will be expecting you.

HENNESSEY MARTEL.—That'sh just the trouble, ol' fel. Let'sh wait till she getsh t' sleep!

and bull-headed way of judging all the world by their own standards. Anonymous though it be, we can not but believe that this report comes from officers of the regular army. It might be a fair report if it were made on a parade of the regular army. But as it stands, it is superficial and even inaccurate.

"Inaccurate" is a word that should not be used without proof of its propriety. Well, this same report characterizes as "good" and "fair" respectively one regiment which paraded a fine assortment of intoxicated privates, and another which gave, during the hour's halt which preceded the passage of the President, the most remarkable exhibition of utter lack of order, discipline and decent dignity ever seen in a militia parade in the city of New York.

## A VARIABLE CLIMATE.

EASTERN MAN.—Is the climate of Oklahoma healthy?

RETURNED BOOMER.—Wall, that depends on wot sort of a feller wants yer claim.



## THE MONEY WAS NEEDED.

MRS. LENOX HILL.—What, want your wages raised, Bridget? I am paying you very well now, I think!

BRIDGET.—Yis, Mum; but we've been ordered to double our contributions to the cause of Oireland, Mum!



#### AN UNLUCKY RECOMMENDATION.

COHEN.—I tell you, my friend, those clothings will wear like iron!  
UPSON DOWNES.—I believe you; they look a little rusty already.

#### THE LITTLE SKIPPER.

The fashionable dog for 1889 is to be the schipperke, or little skipper.—*Sun.*

THE PUG his small diminished head  
Must hide in bitter pain,  
For not much longer he'll be led  
On Beauty's silver chain.  
No more as Woman's dearest pet  
Can he maintain his sway;  
He's got to go full soon and let  
The skipper have his day.

And so the bull-dog, full of fight,  
And skye will be debarred,  
As will the Spitz and poodle white  
And shaggy St. Bernard.  
The collie will not trot in bliss  
With Gladys on Broadway;  
They've got to go—the reason's this:  
The skipper's got his day.

The skipper is a Flemish dog  
That weighs a dozen pounds;  
And ne'er in Fashion's catalogue  
He's shone with other hounds.  
His coat is black and very rough,  
And any one can see  
That he has scarcely tail enough  
To wag with dignity.

We trust, O skipper! you may jog  
Along with joy divine,  
And feel you're Fashion's chosen dog  
For 1889.  
Enjoy, enjoy your little day  
With merry larks and barks—  
'T will fade like morning's dew away,  
As Rob't Herrick remarks.

Then come across the ocean blue;  
Oh, quickly make a start!  
We'd see you on Fifth Avenue  
And in the Public Heart.  
Each day, O happy quadruped!  
We'll feel grim envy's pains,  
To see you willing captive led  
In Beauty's rosy chains.

R. K. M.

THE RACE is not always to the swift—if the bridle is judiciously pulled.

A DIRECTORY COSTUME—Leather Back and Pasteboard Sides.

A DOG WITH a tin can tied to his tail settles the rapid transit question for himself.

#### SOME HAVE N'T EVEN THE STAKES.

"Going to Oklahoma?" asked a Kansan of a ragged boomer, walking beside a limping team and a rickety wagon.

BOOMER.—Yep. Goin' to found a town.

KANSAN.—But, my goodness, you look too poor to found any thing! Why, I don't believe you have money enough to—

BOOMER.—Mebby not; but I've got a load of the finest stakes you ever—

KANSAN.—That is all that is necessary.

#### JUSTLY INCENSED.

LANDLADY.—No, sir, we can not admit you; we take only single gentlemen.

MARRIED APPLICANT.—Well, ain't I a single gentleman? What d'ye take me for—a pair of Siamese twins?

#### P-GS IN CL-V-R.

BUSY MERCHANT (to CLERK).—Where's my pen?

CLERK.—The office-boy has it, sir; but one of the marbles is lost.

#### HIS GOOD IDEA.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—Mr. President, I have decided to introduce a new feature into the Post-office Department.

THE PRESIDENT.—That's good! What is it?

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—A bargain counter for stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes.

THE PRESIDENT.—What will be the bargain price of two-cent stamps?

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—Twelve for a quarter. I tell you, there's nothing like putting business into such things!

#### AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

Though etching is fetching,  
'T is very like fighting—  
Begun with a scratching  
It ends with a biting.

Anna M. Pratt.



#### WAIT VS. WEIGHT.

BRICK MASON (to McFALL, who has just reached the fifth story).—Where are you going with that mortar?  
McFALL.—Oi'm takin' it down ag'in, av coorse.  
It's quittin' toime, an' divil a bit av wur-r-rk will Oi do afther the whishle blows.

Ed. Brown's  
Ginger—  
ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, Pa.  
U. S. A.

FOR INDIGESTION  
GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

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PIANOS

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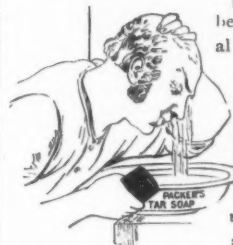
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"The persistence of ITCHING is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a SHAMPOO with

#### PACKER'S TAR SOAP

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. Prevents contagion. 25 cents. Druggists, or  
THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.  
Sample, (1/2 cake), 10c. stamps, if Puck is mentioned.

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Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1103 Chestnut St.  
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.  
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

It was probably a Boston girl who addressed a letter to a friend as follows:

Miss Priscilla Prude,  
125 H—llespont Avenue,  
Amsterd—m, N. Y.  
—Yale Record.

An English author has just published a book on the "Great Pyramid." If it tells how to get eight balls on the break, we shall send for it.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia, but only the genuine, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. At druggists.

# Pears' Soap

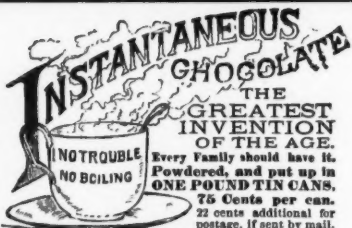
HENRY WARD BEECHER wrote:



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

**PEARS'** is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps for general TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the purest and cleanest. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.



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Just the **Razor Strop** I want.  
Got it for 50 cents, free by mail, from

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\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his  
\$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.  
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\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.  
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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SHE.—Oh, I don't dare to!  
HE.—Why, it's all right if you sit perfectly still.  
SHE.—I know it; but where's the fun?—  
*Harvard Lampoon.*

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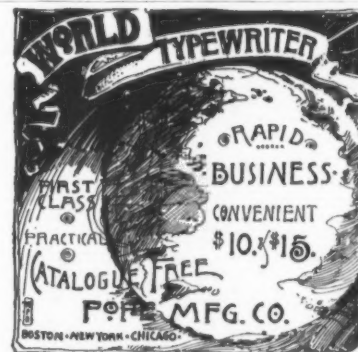
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 Be she blonde or brunette,  
 So she lets me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull, lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness.

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**PARKER'S GINGER TONIC**

The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and \$1.00, at Druggists. \*342



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A CRITICAL OPINION.

"I saw you at the opera last evening, Mr. Smythe. Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Which part did you like best?"

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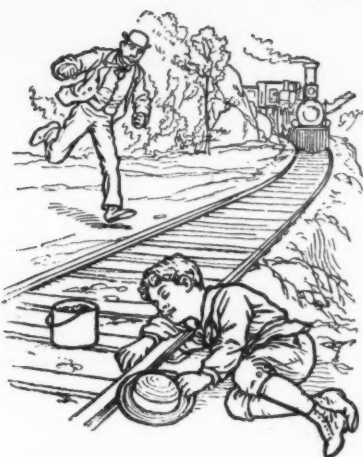
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